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CHRONICLES

OF THE

From Professor B. A. Hinsdale

HINSDALE FAMILY.

COMPILED BY

ALBERT HINSDALE,

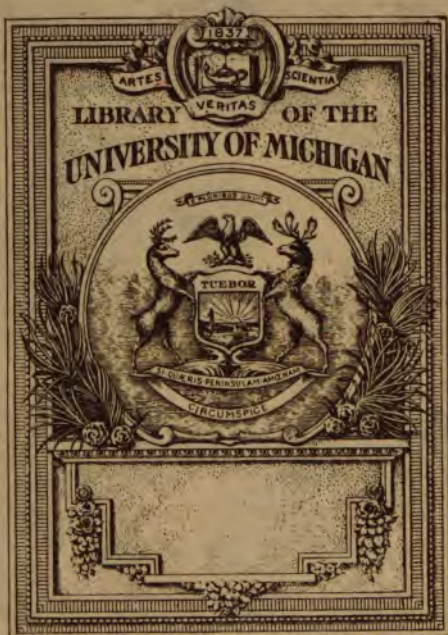
IN THE SEVENTY-THIRD YEAR OF HIS AGE.

To be continued by those who come after him.

CLEVELAND, O.

J. R. SAYBROOK, PRINTER, FRANKFORT STREET.

1883.



THE GIFT OF
Prof. Hinsdale

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1883.

PREFATORY NOTE.

ALBERT HINSDALE, while taking a keen interest in the present, was never forgetful of the past. To the last he cultivated the associations of his earlier life and recalled with pleasure the scenes of his boyhood. He was one of those who never consent that "old acquaintance shall be forgot." In his last years especially he took much interest in matters of family and local history. He contributed interesting articles on the early times to the local newspaper. He put into form such information of the Eyles family as he could collect. More than all, he gave much time to the history of his own family, and carefully reduced the material that he gathered to writing. Only a few months before his death he presented each one of his three sons with a copy of the Chronicles of the Hinsdale Family, in his own handwriting. Parts of his sketch of his own life were read at his funeral, and led to requests that the whole might be published. To gratify these friends, as well as to put a permanent memorial in the hands of those who stand in the smaller circle, these Chronicles are here published, with some emendations and additions.

B. A. HINSDALE.

CLEVELAND, March 2, 1888.

CHRONICLES OF THE HINSDALE FAMILY.

[Immediately following the title-page of the "Chronicles," as prepared by their author, is the genealogy, in the direct line, of five generations of Hinsdales. This material, somewhat extended, is here thrown into the Genealogy following the sketches, and the Chronicles are made to begin with Captain Elisha Hinsdale.]

I.

CAPTAIN ELISHA HINSDALE.

CAPTAIN ELISHA HINSDALE was born in Harwinton, Conn., Feb. 28, 1761, and went with his father's family to Canaan, where he was brought up. At sixteen years of age he enlisted in the Continental army; served three years in the Central army between New York and the Potomac, in the darkest period of the war; wintered at Valley Forge. When he had served three years he was taken sick, and his father went for him and brought him home. It was supposed that thus his constitution was so broken down that he would be unable to do any hard work; so he learned the jeweler's trade at Litchfield. He followed this business for a few years in Canaan, when his shop was burned with his tools. Being a mechanical genius who could do anything, he went with his brother Abel to Torrington, in 1799, and set up

the axe and scythe business, between Winsted and what is now Torrington village. [This was on the western branch of the Naugatuck, and a few miles above Cotton Hollow.] Here they made the "clover-leaf" axes [from the trade-mark], the fame of which preceded him to Ohio, where he removed in 1816, and where he died in 1827. About 1822 he was overtaken by a disease that had been on his track for several years, supposed to be gravel or stone, but which was probably a cancerous tumor on the neck of the bladder. He was unable to ride, or to walk only with a cane, in consequence; but he made all our boots and shoes, did all our mechanical work, and some blacksmithing. He was at times subject to great distress, which increased until he died, June 22, 1827, at the age of sixty-seven, in Norton, [then Medina, but now Summit Co.]

He was twice married; first, November 16, 1783, to Asenath Barnes, who died March 16, 1800, at forty years of age, leaving five little boys, one of them only five days old. His second marriage was to Elizabeth Holcomb, January 20, 1801; she bore him three children, and died in 1846, at the age of seventyseven.

Elisha Hinsdale was about six feet tall; of good form and fine physical development; rather inclined to corpulency and weighed about 200 pounds; good-looking, with a remarkably fine skin; when sixty

years old had fresh cheeks and skin as fair as a child's. He was of good judgment, very prudent, fine tact, very orderly in his habits, very honest and conscientious; liberal, of amiable disposition, social, good company, and very careful not to give offense. I don't know that he ever had an enemy. He twice represented Torrington in the legislature; was a captain in Connecticut, and served as a justice of the peace in Ohio as long as health would permit. He was truly a peace-maker. He was known in Connecticut as Captain, in Ohio, as Esq. Hinsdale. In life he was universally respected.

Frequent notices of Captain Hinsdale appear in Rev. Samuel Orcutt's "History of Torrington, Connecticut." There it is said that he enlisted at Canaan in the Continental army, and served principally on the Delaware; was under the command of La. Fayette; wintered at Valley Forge. Also, that he served his apprenticeship in the jeweler's trade at Litchfield, when the elms were planted in that village. In 1799, with his brother, Deacon Abel Hinsdale, he settled in Torrington, on the Naugatuck, about three miles north of Torrington Hollow, at a place once called the Axe Factory, and later the Tannery, and Appley's Mills; it seems to have been called Holbrook's Mills, also. Orcutt speaks of Captain and Deacon Hinsdale carrying on the axe and scythe business and general blacksmithing there; and he says: "In 1816 Elisha Hinsdale sold his lands to his brother, Deacon Abel, and removed west, and from that day all business interests in that locality have taken the down-hill course, until only one old mill building is left and that looks as if ready to tumble down any day." The years that he represented Torrington in the legislature were 1805 and 1806. A bundle of his old commissions, printed on the coarse, stiff brown paper of the times, is still in existence. His captain's commission, signed "Samuel Huntington, Esquire, Captain Gen-

eral and Commander in Chief over the State of Connecticut, in America," bears date the 16th day of May, 1794. His justice's commissions bear the dates, 9th day of October, 1819, the 11th day of November, 1822, and the 21st day of November, 1825, and are signed respectively by Ethan A. Brown, Allen Trimble, and Jeremiah Morrow, Governors.

II.

ELIZABETH HINSDALE.

My mother, ELIZABETH HOLCOMB, the daughter of Joseph Holcomb, of Granby, Conn., was born July 23, 1769. She was one of a family of several children. Her family lived to be old. Her father died of cancer in the breast, and she was troubled with cancerous humor of the face. She was of good size and figure, strong and vigorous constitution, very energetic, industrious, and frugal in her habits, always looking well to the welfare of her family. She was careful of the sick and good to the poor. After father's death she was a good deal broken up, and more so after the death of her children. At times she was quite discontented and quite unhappy; she was much disposed to borrow trouble. She died suddenly of heart disease, in my house, August 27, 1846.

ELISHA HINSDALE'S CHILDREN.

1. HORACE, born Feb. 11, 1786, was a blacksmith; married Lois Hitchcock; moved to Vernon, New York; had two children, Asenath and Herman; died of consumption May 31, 1818, aged 32.

2. HERMAN, born March 31, 1789; was a joiner; married Lucy Drake; came to Ohio in 1819. He was industrious, honest, very affable, a good man; died in Hudson of typhoid fever, Sept. 13, 1831, leaving four daughters and one son.

3. ELISHA, born April 23, 1791; was a blacksmith; married Ophelia Whiting, now living at 90 years of age; he came to Ohio in 1817; settled in Hudson, removed to Norton in 1822. He was quite a mechanic and musician; industrious, carried on a good farm; was justice of the peace, coroner, and quite a public man; was rather of a restless turn of mind, fond of new things and friends. He moved to Michigan, where he died of heart disease, near Adrian, Feb. 4, 1856.

4. JULIUS, born May 2, 1795; came to Ohio with the family, drove the team, staid at home one year; being a joiner, and finding no work near home, he went to Painesville to work at his trade, where he died of malarial fever, August 24, 1818, aged 23 years. He had a fine figure, was particularly good-looking, of a

very amiable disposition; was a young man of fine promise.

5. SHERMAN, born March 12, 1800, his mother dying when he was five days old. He married Eliza Oviatt, of Hudson; first settled in Norton, but moved to Wellington, where he died of typhoid fever, August 30, 1859. He was a farmer, very honest and conscientious, persevering in his habits. After his death, and his wife's, his children went west.

6. ASENATH, born in Torrington, April 28, 1803; married Edward Spicer; died in Norton, July 3, 1833. She was much like her father; was good-looking, rather fleshy but quite active, cheerful, amiable, good company, and an estimable woman. A daughter married to Charles Mattin lives in Henry county.

7. ALBERT, [See autobiography below.]

8. GEORGE, born March 10, 1817; was of good size and figure, apparently of good constitution, amiable disposition, orderly in his habits; very fond of books, an excellent mechanic, and a joiner by trade. When taken sick he had on hand the jobs of building the Congregational and Disciple churches in Wadsworth, of which he was the architect; his was the first funeral held in the latter. When in apparent health he was taken with hemorrhage of the lungs in August, 1841, and died of consumption March 31, 1842. He was a young man of fine promise and much respected.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

1. *Childhood.* The first account that I have of myself is that on the 18th day of July, 1809, in a great rain and flood, I appeared upon the stage of action at Torrington, Conn. It was said that I drew ten pounds at my birth. From that time until I was six weeks old I have no knowledge of myself. History says that at that period of my existence I took the whooping-cough, of which I liked to have died. The first of my recollections is going to Grandfather Hinsdale's funeral, in Canaan, in Priest Gillett's hack. I have since heard one who was there say that there were present six of his sons, all large men. I recollect afterwards going to Granby and seeing Grandfather Holcomb with a great cancer on his breast. I remember having the measles in the same bed with mother. Then I remember, when I got to be a little boy, catching, with hook and line, speckled trout, red-fins, and shiners, and of seeing eels which looked like snakes in the water. I also recollect going with Asenath a mile and a half to a school all summer and did not read once; but once I got asleep on a bench and hurt myself. I afterwards learned to read, and Saturdays in the afternoons we used to be catechised and have a kind of meeting which I used to dread. About all that I learned was that "man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever." That is true yet, and that is about all

that was of any consequence. Then we used to go a mile further to meeting [to Torrington Green] to hear old Priest Gillett (as he was familiarly called) preach, stuck up in a high pulpit. There never was a fire in that house, and why people did not freeze to death I can't tell. There were two meetings, and at intermissions we used to go to the neighboring houses to warm and eat our dinner, just as children did at school.

2. *Journey to Ohio.* We started from Torrington to New Connecticut the 4th of October, 1816, the memorable cold season, when there was said to be frost every month in the year, which was attributed to the unusually large spots on the sun. Consequently provisions and forage were high; oats and corn were one dollar a bushel, and other things in proportion, which made expensive traveling. Our team was two stout yoke of oxen, which never failed. When we started there were folks enough there to make a little funeral. I started with a good deal of resolution, on foot, and came so most of the way, sleeping at night between Julius and Sherman in the top of the wagon. We crossed the North River at Albany, in a horse-boat; we there saw one of the first steamboats that played on American waters start from her dock for New York. We crossed the Genesee on a boat propelled by a rope, and Cayuga lake on an open bridge half a mile long. At the same time there were on the bridge several road-wagons, one drawn by a team of nine horses; these wagons

then did the business that is now done by the Erie Canal and the New York Central Railroad. We came through the village of Buffalo, which had not recovered from the effects of the British raid and fire. We were one whole day in crossing the Cattaraugus Four Mile Woods. As we came up the lake the road ran much of the way on the beach. In driving round one point of rocks the water was so high that it washed away our tar-bucket, which hung to the hind axle-tree. We arrived in Braceville, Trumbull Co., December 2, having been eight weeks on the road, and where we staid over winter. Here were people whom father had known in Canaan, and here I went to school to Joe D. Humphrey, from Goshen, Conn., who afterwards came to Norton. In the winter father and Julius made our necessary furniture, and Julius went to Buffalo in a sleigh to get father's tools and some freight that failed to get up the lake in the fall. In April they went to Norton, and selected land that had been bought of Reuben Rockwell, of Winchester, Conn. They cleared about five acres, planted it with corn and potatoes and sowed a few oats; but it was so late that these crops did not ripen well. They built a house, which was said to be the best in town, for the logs were butted off and were hewn on the inside.

3. *In the Woods.* In June, 1817, Elisha came from Hudson to help us move, Julius remaining in Norton to have things in good order. We were a week on the road. Our house had no chamber-floor, no chimney, nor was it chinked. I remember being out

in the dark the first night, and the light of the fire inside made me think of a tin lantern. We did not live very well for the first two years, but we always had something to eat. Mother used to say that she had the same reason to be thankful that the wife of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain had, for she always had salt. She said that she kept us on green corn six weeks. We soon had a good cow. Jointed corn and milk did pretty well for supper, but I never liked potatoes and milk. For fruit we had mandrakes, pumpkins, and crab apples. Before winter our house was chinked and daubed; we had a good puncheon floor overhead, a stick chimney from the floor up, planed doors and glass windows (the glass brought from Connecticut). The next two years I did not have to go to school for there was none to go to; so I ran in the woods and did pretty well. After that I lived with Col. Woodruff, in Charlestown, Portage county, and went to school two terms. By this time I had got to be so big that I would do to use; so I worked some, caught chipmunks in traps, scared away the blackbirds when they pulled the corn, guarded the sheep so the wolves would not get them, hunted the cows in the woods led by the tinkling bell. I worked summers and went to school winters until I was 18 years old, when I thought that I had learning enough; then I graduated at Bates's Corners, from a school taught by one —————, who was the best teacher that I ever had, but he would get drunk. I could read, write, and cipher.

Time crowded me on to manhood before I was aware of it, having passed through that interesting period of a boy's life when his trousers' legs get too short, when he does not know what to do with his hands, nor what to be, has to shave without having any beard, and is neither a boy nor a man. About that time my father died and I had to meet the responsibilities of life; how well God only knows.

4. *Out of the Woods.* The family soon broke up; Asenath married; the little farm of 67 acres was divided; mother had 17 acres, I had 9; besides I had a yoke of steers and a colt. Mother and I lived alone in the old house, only George lived with us a part of the time. I built a barn on my land, and set an elm tree before the house, that is now four feet through. I married in January, 1834, in my twenty-fifth year, and found that he who has a good wife has a treasure. Ellen was born in October. Soon after this I made a trip to the West, and went clear to the Maumee River on horse-back; slept one night in the woods, and there heard the wolves howl for the last time and saw the last wild deer that I ever saw. I forded the Auglaize and the Miami of the Lakes. I liked the land and was for buying there, but friends dissuaded me from it. The next September I bought the land on which I now live, paying \$12 an acre. There were twenty acres of "girdlings" on it, and the shell of a little house, which I moved before we went into it; it was drawn by thirty yoke of oxen. We moved into the house in November [1835], and I was

again in the woods. The first night after moving the wind blew so that we were afraid the trees would fall on the house; the next day I cut down all the trees that were in reach of it. We now had again to suffer many of the privations of pioneer life. The land was very heavily wooded, and the timber, besides what was needed for fences and buildings, was of no value. I have hauled saw logs six miles to the mill with an ox team. The timber had to be cut and burned up, which made considerable work; and then it was quite unpleasant to work around the stumps and among the roots, but as these great machines that cut and bind grain by horse power, the mowing machines, sulky plows, patent cultivators, etc., were then unknown, we got along very well. In twelve years our farm was cleared up, our children had increased to four, my brother George, my mother, and our first-born had died. We had seen some hard service; and Clarinda was clearly overcome and broken down by the death of Ellen, from which she never entirely recovered.

5. Conclusion. Forty years ago Clarinda and I made a profession of religion and were baptized. Previous to that my mind had been in doubt and in an unsettled state, but I now found that godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of the life which is to come. We have seen all our children and grandchildren of the proper age obey the Gospel. I have lived three years of that period of life in which nothing is prom-

ised but "labor and sorrow," and I find that I have not escaped the promise. But I am yet spared many of the pains and infirmities incident to old age. My health is good, am not baldheaded or very gray. I stand 5 feet 10, as erect as ever, and weigh 145 pounds. My weight has usually ranged from 150 to 170 pounds. I find that I am not as strong or as active as I was fifty years ago. The last harvest is the first one that I have not participated in for sixty years. I am so deaf that I do not hear ordinary conversation nor public speaking; consequently I am saved from hearing much poor preaching and much nonsense. I have never had a severe fit of sickness, and have been saved from so many accidents that the wonder is that I have not been killed. I once fell from a cherry tree and almost broke my back; a few years ago I fell off the house and almost killed myself; then a colt kicked out my teeth, but I had more made that don't ache; six years ago a horse jumped on my leg and broke it, but I had it mended up so that it is now a pretty good leg, though not so good as it used to be. My rule of life has been not to work on a strife, to eat what my appetite craved, if I could get it, and to adapt my clothing to the weather. I have never used tobacco in any form, and have abstained from spirituous liquors for the last fifty years. For the last twenty-five years I have been the only survivor of my father's family of eight children. I have seen three generations of men, and outlived most of my former associates. I have seen wonderful changes wrought

in the world, both in the sciences and in the arts. Within my recollection have come into use the railroad and car, in place of the ox-cart and rail causeway; also, the telegraph and telephone, great improvements in the steam engine, which now seems about to move the world, the power-loom, and almost all of the implements of agricultural husbandry but the axe and hoe, and these greatly improved. I have seen the daguerreotype in all its forms, and the discovery of petroleum, and remember that a few years ago the world was lighted every night with tallow candles. In short, there have been wonderful changes wrought out in almost everything, not only in material things but in manners and customs, in modes of doing business and in thought. Solomon said there was "nothing new under the sun;" verily it seems that I have seen some things that had not before been. I have also seen the dense forest that had stood for ages in all its solitary grandeur succumb to the little axe in the hands of the sturdy pioneer, and give place to the fine farms and beautiful landscapes we now see; the log cabin to the palatial mansion; the rude school-house to the spacious church, and the imposing structures in which the young are now taught. Improvements will still go on. Although there are yet bad men in the world and many things not as they should be, still the world is evidently growing better and will continue to grow better. Yet I don't expect to witness many more changes. It seems as though I had about survived my usefulness, yet the world uses me

well, and I have many blessings. But Clarinda is gone, the girls are gone, and although the boys are left it seems lonely. When the good Lord sees fit to take me hence, I trust in His goodness, "for His mercy endureth forever.

APRIL 23, 1882.

I am most 73 years old.

SUPPLEMENT TO AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

ALBERT HINSDALE lived to complete his seventy-third year. After mother's death he continued to live on his farm, and generally with the family of his youngest son. All the last summer he was very active; he formed plans for visiting some old friends in the fall. On the 1st of July he wrote me:

"Last evening your letter came to hand; also, the *Standard* containing your obituary of James Newcomb. Your allusion to the white church brings afresh to my mind many scenes enacted there. I am the only one that meets there now of those who did in the olden time. * * * My business is narrowed down to a small compass, but it keeps me as busy as ever to keep things ship-shape. I have to take things moderately or I get very tired. Every step I take reminds me that I am on the verge of eternity, and that I belong to the last generation. My former associates are all gone and I have but little company. The babe is the most I have and the best; but I shall never hear him talk.

* * * I hope to see all here together during vacation, but you are so busy probably I shall be disappointed; don't neglect other duties for me."

Here it may be said that the writer with his family had always been in the habit of visiting the Wadsworth home each summer. When he received this letter the annual visit was in contemplation, and he expected, after a trip to New England, to meet his

father and brothers once more on the old familiar ground. But it was not to be. The 4th of August father made his last trip to Akron, and on the evening of that day he wrote the following, supposed to be his last letter :

“ WADSWORTH, Aug. 4, '82.

“ DEAR BURKE : I received yours of the 31st ult. yesterday. W. B. left here this morning in company with ———. I took them to the Center, and then went ‘ the overland route ’ to Akron, by the old place. There is nothing about the Eyles place that looks as it used to look but the chimney. The folks that used to live there are all gone. There is nothing about our old place in Norton that looks natural but the barn that I built in 1833. The elm tree that I set four years before is now more than twelve feet around, and the branches extend forty feet each way from the trunk. I drank from the well, not from the old oaken bucket that hung from the pole, but from a pump. I could hardly drink, for something seemed to rise in my throat. I started for Akron, and turned round to view the ‘ Eastern ridge of Ben Venue. ’ I cannot describe the thoughts that crowded my brain while driving over that five miles of road. On that ground had occurred some of the most important incidents of my life, some in which I took an active part. Oh how changed ! Like Job’s servants, I alone am left to tell the tale. The woods in which I hunted cattle are gone ; the three log school-houses where I got my education also. It was a relief to me to get to Bates’s Corners, where present things are more familiar. Between Wadsworth Center and Akron there are only three men that I knew in the olden time. Sixty-seven years ago your mother was born in a log cabin where Akron now stands, a city of 20,000 inhabitants. How everything has changed, myself among the rest ! I got myself some shoes. * * * and got back in good order. This is the most pleasant and most home-like place that I have seen, and yet it don’t seem just like home.

“ A. H.”

The Wednesday night following this letter, August 9, father was taken with a very severe attack of cholera morbus. His children nursed him ; the medical attendants tried their skill ; but in vain. After some hours of unconsciousness, he passed away a

little after midnight of August 14. The next day but one funeral services were again held in the old house—the house in which his brother, his mother, his two daughters, and his wife had also died. Neighbors and friends filled the house and overflowed upon the porches and under the maples. C. W. Hemry, of Stowe, and Alanson Wilcox, of Cleveland, conducted the service. This over, the long procession bore away the body to the place appointed for all the living; he lies in the Wadsworth cemetery beside his devoted wife and affectionate daughters.

ALBERT HINSDALE's was a life more than ordinarily full of incident and vicissitude; his a character of marked individuality. His frame was never heavy, but strong and sinewy; and although he never "worked on a strife," as he said, few men accomplished so much labor. He was an excellent observer of men and things; he had a keen insight into character, a cool temper and careful balance in dealing with men, a power of analysis and description both quaint and picturesque, and a playful, satirical humor. He was a good converser; he expressed his views of men and things freely; and his ready and keen judgments, put in words peculiarly his own, sometimes amused, sometimes nettled. He was a farmer both by nature and by choice, and while he was in his full strength no farm in all the country was better kept than his. He was one of the first to take up the new agricultural journals, when they began to appear thirty and more years ago; and he was one of the first to exhibit taste in farming and in fitting up his home.

Leaving Connecticut in 1816, in his eighth year, growing up to manhood in the forests of the Western Reserve, as well as belonging to a family with whom the struggle for existence and comfort was always keen and severe, his school education was necessarily limited to the rudiments of learning. For a man of such a life, he had more than an ordinary taste for literature. But his real education came from his intercourse with sky and forest, field and fallow, nature and man, and from his own hard battle with life. Nature gave him the power of literary creation, but nurture withheld the opportunity. Still the local newspaper often bore witness to his quaintness of thought, his closeness of observation, and his picto-

rial description. In his sketch of his mother, he speaks of her tendency to discontent and to "borrow trouble;" the mental habit descended to him. It is not now indelicate to say that periods of mental elevation, followed by periods of depression, did much to derange his business, to disturb the even flow of his life, and to bring unhappiness to himself and others. All men respected him. He was a good man, just, honest, and generous. The laborers who reaped down his fields never cried for wages that were withheld. The poor never said they were not warmed with the fleece of his sheep. He often gave a poor man wages, not so much because he needed the labor as because the poor man needed the bread. For his time, surroundings, and abilities, he gave his children unusual opportunities for education. Then all his life he strove to build them up in integrity, in honor, and in manliness—to give moral elevation to their lives. His last days were serene and happy. His mental temper as he neared his end is shown in his own sketch. I feel that I cannot otherwise so fitly close this note as to give those words again.

"Improvements will still go on. Although there are bad men in the world and many things not as they should be, still the world is evidently growing better and will continue to grow better. Yet I don't expect to witness many more changes. It seems as though I had about survived my usefulness, yet the world uses me well and I have many blessings. But Clarinda is gone, the girls are gone, and although the boys are left it seems lonely. When the good Lord sees fit to take me hence, I trust in His goodness, 'for His mercy endureth forever.'"

CLARINDA E. HINSDALE.

MY WIFE, CLARINDA ELVIRA, was the daughter of William and Polly Eyles, who came from Litchfield, Conn., to Ohio, in 1814. She was born July 12, 1815, on the site of what is now the city of Akron, a part of which was her father's farm. The family moved to Wadsworth in 1820, where she always lived, except a short sojourn in Norton. She inherited a large, well-developed figure, a strong and vigorous constitution, of a nervous type; she had an irritable stomach, and was quite subject to headache. She was very energetic, industrious, frugal, and orderly in her habits, which made her a model housekeeper. She was a good wife, particularly fond of her children, and it almost killed her to lose them. She was good to the poor, careful of the sick, ever ready to advance the interests of the church or any good enterprise. She was possessed of good judgment, very ready to make up her mind, which was not easily turned, and very apt to carry out her purposes. She was subject to neuralgia, and for the last few years of her life to the sciatic rheumatism in the hip, which was extremely painful, and which, together with extreme nervousness and consequent sleeplessness, wore her out. She died from sheer exhaustion April, 28, 1880.

VI.

MY CHILDREN.

1. ELLEN ASENATH was born in Norton, Ohio, October 2, 1834. She had a strong and vigorous body, constitution, and mind; was a particularly lovely child, and was beloved by all who knew her. She was precocious, particularly in judgment. When about five years old she had a violent attack of fever which settled in her brain, from which she narrowly escaped death. She regained her health, was a forward scholar, was baptized at eleven years old. In the winter before she was thirteen she came home from school one day spitting blood, from which she never recovered, but died of consumption the first day of December, 1847, at thirteen years of age, beloved by all.

2. BURKE AARON, born in Wadsworth, March 31, 1837.

3. ROLDON O., born in Wadsworth, March 27, 1840.

4. LOUISA, born in Wadsworth, April 23, 1844. She was of a strong and vigorous body and mind good-looking, active and studious, of good judgment decided in her opinions, of amiable disposition, fine taste, quite a mechanical genius and artist, industrious, and orderly in her habits. She was a good scholar, quite intelligent, a great reader of good literature, was a popular and successful teacher. She was

baptized at ten years of age. She died of inflammation of the stomach and nervous prostration and exhaustion, after great suffering, September 8, 1876, aged 33 years.

5. WILBERT B., born in Wadsworth, May 25, 1851.

GENEALOGY.

I. ROBERT HINSDALE, the first of the name of whom we have any knowledge; was one of the founders of the church in Dedham, Mass., November 8, 1638; freeman of Massachusetts, March 13, 1639; member of the artillery company, 1645; had a wife named Ann; removed to Medfield, where he aided in forming the church; thence he removed, as early as 1672, to Hadley, where he lived several years, and married for his second wife Elizabeth, widow of John Hawks; removed to Deerfield, where he, with his sons Barnabas, John, and Samuel, was killed in his cornfield by the Indians, September 18, 1675, at the time that Capt. Lathrop, with "the flower of Essex," fell at the Bloody Brook massacre. All the Hinsdales in the United States are supposed to be his descendants. The name appears to have been variously spelled. No trace of the family or the name, yet discovered, reaches across the ocean. The name is said not to appear in Hotton's "Lists of Emigrants to America from 1600 to 1700." He had eight children.

1. Elizabeth, born July 7, 1655.
2. BARNABAS, born November 13, 1639.
3. Samuel, birth unknown.
4. Gamaliel, born March 5, 1642, (supposed by Savage to be the same as Samuel.)
5. Mary, born February 14, 1644.
6. Experience, born January 23, 1646.
7. John, born January 27, 1648.
8. Ephraim, born September 26, 1650.

II. BARNABAS HINSDALE, born November 13, 1639; lived at Hatfield; married Sarah Taylor White, October 15, 1666; died at

Deerfield, September 18, 1675, as above; the father of five children.

1. BARNABAS, born February 20, 1668.
2. Sarah, birth unknown.
3. Elizabeth, born October 29, 1671.
4. Isaac, born September 15, 1673.
5. May, born March 27, 1677.

III. BARNABAS HINSDALE, born at Hatfield, February 20, 1668; he was admitted an inhabitant of Hartford, Conn., in 1693, and died there January 25, 1725; he married Martha Smith of Hartford, and was the father of nine children.

1. Barnabas, born August 28, 1694.
2. Martha, born February 17, 1696.
3. JACOB, born July 14, 1698.
4. Sarah, born July 22, 1700.
5. Elizabeth, born January 9, 1702.
6. Mary, born July 13, 1704.
7. John, born, August 13, 1706.
8. Daniel, born May 15, 1709.
9. Amos, born August 24, 1710.

IV. JACOB HINSDALE, born July 14, 1698; married Hannah Seymour; settled in Harwinton on lands inherited from his father;* was a captain and served in the French war; was a prominent and useful man, serving as selectman and as a member of the legislature. He had nine children.

1. JACOB, birth unknown.
2. Harriet, birth unknown; married William Cook.
3. Lois, born February 27, 1737.
4. Stephen, born November 16, 1738.
5. Ezra, born January 5, 1740; married Sarah Hopkins.
6. Stephen, born March 22, 1745.

*Rev. Samuel Orcutt says: "Barnabas, of Hartford, was an original proprietor of lands in Harwinton to the amount of £120, and when Harwinton was laid out six lots were apportioned to his heirs, and one of these was Jacob Hinsdale, one of the first settlers of that town.—*History of Torrington, Conn.*

7. Samuel, born March 22, 1743.
8. George, born April 15, 1745.
9. Sarah, born March 1, 1747.

V. JACOB HINSDALE, son of Jacob and Hannah Seymour; time of his birth unknown; married Mary Brace of Harwinton, May 11, 1758; removed with his family to Canaan about 1773, where he died. He was the father of eight children.*

1. Jacob, born April 18, 1759. He lived on his father's farm until he came to Trumbull county, Ohio, where he died about 1836. A son, Jacob, died some years ago in Lorain county; a grandson, Edwin, still lives near the village of Wellington, O.

2. ELISHA, born in Harwinton, February 28, 1761; died in Norton, June 22, 1827.

3. Elias, born April 20, 1763; removed to the State of New York, about 1814.

4. Abel, born July 19, 1765; died in Torrington, April 9, 1851.

5. Rhoda, born February 27, 1770.

6. Whiting, born October 17, 1773; removed to Dutchess county, New York.

7. Sherman, date of birth unknown; went to sea and died in New York.

8. Eliazur, date of birth unknown; carried on axe and scythe business in Winsted, Conn., removed from there to Leroy, New York.

VI. ELISHA HINSDALE, born in Harwinton, February 28, 1761; died in Norton, June 22, 1827. [See sketch above.] He was the father of eight children.

1. Horace, born February 11, 1786; died May 31, 1818, at Leroy, New York.

2. Herman, born March 31, 1789; died in Hudson, Ohio, September 13, 1831. He was the father of eight children.

(1) Eleanor, born September 18, 1818; married Sylvester Bissell; resides in Aurora, O. (2) Abi Cornelia, born March 7, 1820; married J. R. Brown; died January 14, 1883. (3) Fidelia,

*Orcutt says: "And two others."

